

ZINGO, THE CHILD OF DESTINY

His Romantic Love Quest By Land and Sea

Written from the Motion Pictures

By Helen Harrington

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Zingo's parents, sailing amongst the Sunda Islands in the Malay Archipelago, are lost in a shipwreck. The child drifts to an island, is rescued by monkeys, and amongst them grows to manhood. Venturing again to sea he is picked up by a sailing vessel, which is afterwards captured by pirates. Through Zingo's ingenuity they escape, but their captain has been killed, and Zingo is proclaimed captain. At Timor he falls in love with, and rescues from the hands of a pirate, a girl named Sari. In diving suits they are at the bottom of the sea when Sari is swallowed by a whale; she is emitted, and held at the Melbourne Aquarium, whose director holds her captive. Zingo recruits an army of monkeys, rescues her, and with the crew, goes to Bangkok to search for the sacred white elephant of the King of Siam which has been stolen; through treachery, he and his party are imprisoned in the palace, escape, learn that the elephant is in possession of the mandarin of San Kiu, fight a battle, Sari, whose beauty has attracted the mandarin, is held captive, and in an attempt to rescue her they are again imprisoned and sentenced to death.

CHAPTER VII

Zingo Returns the White Elephant

"WHAT are you thinking of?" asked the mandarin, as he continued his esthetic task of showering flower petals over Sari.

"Of you," she answered softly.

At this the mandarin grew so excited that he called for more flowers and continued to heap them upon her until she looked like the victim of a blizzard of white petals.

"Do you know, I half feared that you loved this rough seafaring man. There have been moments when I have felt that you were not mine," he said.

For answer Sari turned toward him, and, reaching out both her white arms, twined them around the mandarin's neck. He yielded to it with the expression that sometimes comes into the face of a kitten when it is being stroked.

"Would you know the test of true love?" she queried.

"Tell me," said the sensuous mandarin, "for you alone can teach me love."

"Then," said Sari, "one who loves cannot see the object of that love in pain without suffering also. To prove that I do not love this sea-faring man, I will go with you and delight my eyes with the sight of him and his men in bondage. They are in bondage, are they not?"

The mandarin laughed gleefully. "I have transplanted them," said he. "You saw yourself how they burst the vases they were growing in, and now I have set them out in better soil, and in vases, which will give them a chance to expand and grow. To be he!" The mandarin laughed until the tears trickled down his face. "I have a taste for gardening. To be he. To be he."

"Take me to see them. I too would laugh," said Sari, "but I do not quite yet see the cause of your mirth. But it is right funny, I know, whatever it may be."

This pleased the mandarin greatly. He now felt sure of Sari's love, and the moment of his aggrandizement had come. Leaving Sari's apartment, they strayed through the halls together arm in arm, and at last came to the great dungeon. Outside of the door, the mandarin again stopped and laughed until his fat sides shook. Then calling the prison guards and retinue, and bidding them go before, the door of the dungeon was opened and all entered with a flourish of trumpets.

Sari's eye instantly took in the cause of his mirth. In the center of the dungeon was an iron cage, and inside of it, pacing back and forth like a majestic lion, was Zingo. His face was colorless, and out of it all hope had faded. Ranged along the entire length of the dungeon was a row of barrels, made of staves, and about twice as large as an ordinary hoghead, and set into them, with their heads protruding from the tops, were the sailors. It was the diabolical humor of the mandarin to carry out the idea of the vases, and their shaggy heads protruding, looked grotesquely like so many thriving cactus plants, or shrubs of another growth.

Down through the great hall came the mandarin with his arm twined in a proprietary way around Sari, while guards and attendants bowed on either side. Zingo in his narrow cage, took no note of what was passing. His great heart was breaking.

During the moment of excitement when they had attacked the mandarin, and later, been thrown into the dungeon underneath the shrine of the white elephant, he had had no chance for a word of explanation from Sari. His heart was still burning with the jealousy he had felt when he saw them sitting together on the rug, apparently happy and caring nothing for him. The men had been unable to get any response to the cheery calls which they had sent him from time to time, reminding him that they had been in some pretty tight places before, and each one in his heart was hoping for another lady colonel.

Zingo was suffering intensely, not for himself, but to see his gallant crew made ridiculous on what he felt were the very portals of eternity. His attitude was dejected, and hope had fled. Suddenly he heard the sound of a voice which brought the blood rushing to his face.

"What do I care for these prisoners," said the voice, the only voice in all the world that could make him happy or unhappy. "How droll they look in these flower pots. And their leader, I am so glad you have secured him in such a strong cage. It would be impossible for anyone to get out of that."

The madness of a frenzied animal took possession of Zingo, and he made a movement as though he could tear with his very hands the iron bars which held him prisoner.

As the mandarin and Sari came opposite Zingo's cage, they halted. The mandarin was in a merry mood, and, taking Sari's unresisting hand, he kissed it many times so that Zingo might not only see, but hear it. Sari was smiling into the mandarin's face, as he

triumphantly moved back and forth before the cage. The mandarin stepped a few feet forward to taunt Zingo nearer to his face, and Sari stepped back of him. As she did so, her face underwent as complete a change as though she had been metamorphosed into another being. She looked at the mandarin for one minute with intense hatred, and, as she caught Zingo's eye, into her own came a look of love and tenderness, as with a stealthy motion she threw a kiss to him. Almost instantly the mandarin turned, and as he met her gaze, she was smiling up into his face, as she had done before.

It was but a brief look, but it changed the face of all the world for Zingo, and for the poor wretches, who had beheld it from their prison houses, and had feared that she had been false.

On being brought before the mandarin on the day of the battle of Hitanrun, Sari had quickly realized the effect of her beauty upon him, and knowing well that beauty is one of the few weapons which a woman has to fight her battles with, she had determined to make him feel its keen edge, and twist it around once or twice, if necessary. She knew not only the oriental man, but the universal man, and realizing that she was in his power, had simply, in this way, reversed their positions.

ing down the long hall, followed by the retinue, disappeared behind the great door of the prison.

Waiting until the last retainer had closed the door behind him, Zingo quickly opened the note and read.

"Dearest Zingo. Use this file to escape. I will be on the sacred boat of the white elephant. Sari."

The look of hope in his face was reflected all the way down the row of faces, and for moments the silence was intense, except for the steady feverish rasping of the file on the iron bar of the cage.

Every little while Zingo paused long enough to listen, to make sure that no one was approaching, and then started with renewed hope and strength to accomplish what most men would have considered an impossible task.

"And now," said Sari, as she and the mandarin walked through the court yard, "if it is your pleasure, I will retire to my apartments, and array myself in garments befitting this occasion. Will you go on in advance and delay the moment of prayer until I join you? I may be delayed somewhat. The white elephant is fastidious. My long voyaging about the sea has made me careless of my appearance of late, and more than once I have caught in his eye a look of disapproval. Both for his sake, and for yours, I would be beautiful today."

The mandarin was greatly pleased at this, as it was very flattering indeed to be put on a footing with the white elephant in Sari's estimation.

As soon as she was free, Sari entered her apartments, and, waiting until the courtyard was clear, came out again and passed on to the outer gate. By this time she was known throughout the palace as the favorite of the mandarin, and all her orders were carried out

there was no doubting what they had become. They were mandarins! Mandarins all. Afar in palaces built of united clouds they were straying through their well stocked harems, and miserable, shaven-pated, pig-tailed guards trembled at their approach. These guards had sometimes peeped through cracks, so now they were throwing flower petals over their favorites.

Like lightning the little feet of Sari flew over the pavement until she again reached the dungeon where Zingo and the crew were imprisoned. The courtyard was deserted, as the mandarin had gathered all his officers with him to assemble on the houseboat, so that without much fear of being overheard she was able to call through one of the port holes in the wall.

As Zingo paused for a moment in his filing, these words fell on his ear.

"File the lock, and roll the men straight through the main courtyard to the outer gate. Trust me. I will handle the guards."

Zingo could hear the swift patter of her feet as she sped away again down through the courtyard.

Cautiously approaching the spot where the sentry and guards were sitting, and assuring herself by the expression on their faces that they were far away in spirit, Sari deftly gathered all their queues together, and tied them into a sailor's knot. It was a knot which Ben Hydecker had taught her, saying that it took but an instant to make it, and an eternity to unravel it. From a sentimental standpoint, Sari had wanted to tie a true-lovers' knot, as it possessed the same qualifications, but she felt instinctively that this was a moment for practical dealing.

to pass the guards, Zingo began his task of rolling the barrels out through the gate. Just as he had almost finished his task, one of the guards opened one eye. With this one eye he thought he saw a strange sight, but as his other eye was also seeing strange sights in another sphere his impression was somewhat blurred. With the open eye, he thought he saw a flower pot with a scrubby plant in it, go rolling by. With his closed eye he saw a beautiful rosebush set in a dim garden by which a little purling stream was flowing. Finally the rosebush and the garden began to grow dimmer, and the rolling flower pots grew more real. In order to follow their revolutions, he stretched forth his neck, which action brought a number of other necks along with it, and as six necks are stronger than one, his own neck soon lost its vantage. Then heads and necks began to pull in every direction, backward and forward and hither and yon, no one of them making any progress that was not immediately checked by the other. Soon a loud howling was heard throughout the courtyard, but as all the household was afar on the blue river importuning the white elephant, there was no response.

Bidding them a merry farewell, Zingo continued his labors until he had rolled the last of the barrels to the banks of the beautiful stream which flowed through the gardens. Taking a rope which Sari had provided for him, Zingo gave an end of it to one of the men, and bade him hold it fast in his mouth. Measuring a few feet further, he asked the next man to take the rope in his mouth where he indicated. In this way he soon had them strung together like a string of beads, and fastening the other end of the rope around his own body, he plunged into the stream, and began to swim, while the men in the large barrels floated behind him like corks on the top of the water.

When they were a safe distance away, so that the sound of the hammering could attract no attention, Zingo crawled out on the bank, liberated Ben Hydecker, who in turn helped in the work of unbarreling the others. As the last man bounded out into freedom, the sailors started to give a ringing cheer, but were quickly checked by Zingo.

Urging them to suppress their laughter, Zingo related to them the story of Sari's cleverness in overcoming the guards, and then revealed to them the contents of her note, and the proposed attack on the sacred boat of the white elephant. The proposition was received with suppressed exclamations of joy.

With due regard for the proprieties, they swam down the river without removing their garments. The calm of summer lay over the land. The river was smooth, and in its depths reflected bits of the blue sky, the fleecy white clouds which sailed overhead, and the shy blue lotuses which peeped inquiringly over its bank.

Moored in a shady bend of the beautiful stream, the sacred boat of the white elephant was rocking peacefully. The breeze caught and played with hundreds of fluttering banners that waved from its spires. To give the illusion of flying, large, strange looking, half dragon, half bird things were carved at prow and stern, and over all there was the sound of music. The entire household of the mandarin was in holiday attire, and Sari blazed like a jewel amongst them. Never had she looked so beautiful. The excitement of what she had been through had brought a bright color to her cheeks, and the mandarin, noticing it, had fondly supposed it was caused by his magnificent presence.

As farmers' wives set out white sheets and make noises with tin pans to attract the attention of passing swarms of bees, so here, every trapping was set forth to attract the passing spirit of Buddha.

Sari, apparently the most zealous worshipper of all, passed in and out amongst the throng, and finally took up her stand on the upper deck, so that she might be one of the first to feel the exaltation. Suddenly she raised her eyes on high, and her look was followed by the others.

"I think I see him," she said in a tone of hushed awe.

All eyes were turned heavenward.

"Or perhaps he will come as a river god. Look downward," she directed.

Down on their knees went the worshippers, mandarin and all, and while their white gaze was fixed on the water below, there was a sudden jerking of the boat, and the excited Chinamen were soon surrounded with what they believed to be demons coming out of the water.

As Zingo and his men piled on to the sacred boat, the mandarin attempted to escape, but was caught by Zingo, and dropped into the river as a housewife would drop a doughnut into hot lard. A splash, and the end of the mandarin.

The worshippers were too excited to make much resistance, and as they floundered around in the waves, calling on Buddha to avenge them, Zingo appeared on the upper deck with Sari in his arms. Waving their dripping arms in the air, the men cheered wildly, and Zingo saluted, waving his cap, while Sari clung about his neck.

The white elephant was watching the entire proceeding from his inner shrine in the center of the lower deck, and was glad enough when the excitement was over, for he was fastidious, and greatly disliked these elemental outbursts of human passion.

When they were preparing to sail down the river, they had some difficulty in turning the elephant wrong side to. It is a superstition amongst sailors that a threatened storm will be allayed if any animal which happens to be on board is turned with his head toward the stern. This took time, but the men refused to set sail until the sacred beast was turned around and about.

From Hitanrun they sent despatches to the King of Siam, reporting the recovery of the white elephant, and announcing their intention to accompany him home in person. When they reached Bangkok, the city was in a state of excitement and holiday. The amazons were again out in force. All but the lady Colonel. After the escape of Zingo, and her denial by Neo-Ching, she had made an attempt to establish the amazons on the original plan which prevailed before the fall of Troy. This was to have the land entirely governed by women, and to put all males to death. Neo-Ching, who had returned to Bangkok, after what he said was his fruitless search for the white elephant, had encouraged her in this endeavor, and then discreetly betook himself out of the way. After a number of spirited discussions, she was overruled by the more conservative ones, on scientific principles, and withdrew from active service.

The Royal Square was alive with marching squadrons, flags waved from every window, the king and his retinue were waiting in happy expectancy. Just at the hour of high noon, there was a salute of guns, and Zingo and Sari entered the square, the sacred white elephant between them, and the crew marching in regular step behind them, bringing up the rear of the procession. As they neared the center of the square, the king stepped forth and greeted them with these words, "People of Bangkok! Thanks to Zingo, the charming Sari, and their daring crew, our god is restored to us. Glory be on them."

"And now," said the king, "after public honors have been done, it is my wish that you enter my palace, as my guests. It is my wish to give you a few souvenirs of this great occasion." Bidding them march on ahead, he turned and followed, and then, with a neat little step aside, the amazons fell into line and marched to the barracks.

(To be continued.)



ZINGO BEGAN TO SWIM WHILE THE MEN IN THE BARRELS FLOATED BEHIND HIM

"Could you tell me what the name of this flower is?" said the mandarin, approaching Ben Hydecker, whose plump cheeks and thick hair was an excellent recommendation for the soil he was planted in.

"I have never seen anything like him before in my life," answered Sari, while a look of disgust came over her face.

As the mandarin turned away in a burst of laughter, Sari caught a look in Ben Hydecker's eye, and waited for a chance to get near him. He had told her once while they were idly sailing on their own yacht, that he always went through the world prepared for an emergency. She had teased him to tell how he had prepared himself, but he had laughingly refused. She had thought at the time that it was only a sailor's way of making himself important, but in this crisis she recalled that conversation.

"Now, oh beautiful one," said the mandarin, turning toward her, "to gain Buddha's favor for our life, let us go to the blue river; on the sacred boat we will pray in the presence of the white elephant; but first," he continued, "I will command my minions to prepare a noble procession. Likewise I will have them fetch for thee a chest of jewels so that thou shalt be befittingly arrayed for this great hour."

Turning, he gave commands to his officers as to the order of the day. Some were to be the bearers of the jewels, some were to march in battalions, and all were to be at the houseboat to await the arrival of his own magnificent person, and of his favorite.

While the mandarin was giving these directions, Sari managed to pass casually by the barrel where Ben Hydecker was imprisoned, and, bending her head toward him, distinctly heard him whisper these words: "In the lining of my cap you will find a file. Get it to Zingo."

Sari's heart beat fast. The moment was critical. A turn of the mandarin's head and all hope would be lost. Hastily taking the cap from Ben Hydecker's head, she secured the file, all the while keeping her eye on the mandarin, prepared to try to liberate herself out of the situation if caught. She drew a pencil from her pocket, and swiftly scribbled a few words on a slip of paper which she drew out with it, and as she passed Zingo's cage, she quietly slipped the note and the file into his hand. As the mandarin turned, after giving his instructions to his officers, Sari met his eyes with the same tender smile that she had learned to affect, suffered him again to place his arm around her, and, pass-

without question. Before leaving her apartment, she had received from the hands of one of the servants a long, slender package, which she kept concealed in the folds of her kimono.

"How long and lonely your vigil must be," she said, in an ingratiating little way as she approached the sentry at the great gate. One of the strongest elements in human nature is self pity and a craving for sympathy. The sentry had often thought it a great pity that so fine a man as he was should have to stand forever like a statue at the gate of a great palace, while all the pleasures of life were going by untasted.

"The hours go slowly by," he sighed, as he shifted his spear as they do in musical comedy.

"Do you have no hour for gladness and enjoyment?" asked Sari sympathetically.

"None," he answered. "I stand here all day and all night. I have stood here for years; ever since I was a boy. The only way I knew I was alive was when they had to make my suits bigger from time to time."

"Is there no woman in your life?" asked Sari, going straight to the heart of intimacy.

"None," sighed the sentry. "except the stone lady carved over the portal. She and I are growing old together, and neither of us has ever had one hour of joy."

"I too am sad," said Sari, "and the only happiness I get is when I steal away from the world."

The sentry looked startled.

"I mean," said Sari, as she slowly drew from the folds of her kimono a long slender pipe, at the end of which was attached a small bowl, "I mean when this takes me away to where happiness is."

The eyes of the guard took to the pipe, like the fingers of a baby reaching for a rattle. There was no mistaking it. It was opium. On guard, he had not been allowed to use it, and off guard, he could not afford to buy it, though his heart greatly desired it.

"I promise," said the guard, reaching forth his hand and possessing himself of seven heavens all contained in a space about as large as a thimble.

A number of other guards were straying around the courtyard in a group. Suddenly they stopped, and their nostrils began to scent the air. As a herd of buffalo scents distant grass, they came trooping up, with their forefingers already pointing heavenward in anticipation. They crowded around her, and Sari handed each of them an opium pipe as a Sunday school teacher would hand out sticks of candy to a hopeful class of children.

After the first few puffs of the weed, their heads began to wag from side to side, while expressions of benign bliss spread over their countenances. Then they sat down back to back, for in a moment of happy irresponsibility like this, who would be bothered keeping his own back up. The happy expression grew, and soon

After she had fastened the guards together securely, Sari gave out the shrill bird call which she and Zingo had often used in calling to each other on the deck of their ship. It was so like the sound of a bird that even if it happened to be overheard by any stray attendant it would arouse no suspicion.

At last Zingo succeeded in filing himself free from his prison. As he stepped out from behind his bars, the men looked at him, their great eyes rolling sorrowfully as they followed his movements. They were glad that he was free, but they had little hope for themselves, as they were securely fastened inside the barrels, and it would take the combined strength of many men to carry them to safety.

Zingo knew what was going on in their minds, and looking at them for one moment, he said, "Do you think I would save myself and leave you here to perish? What would Zingo be without his men?"

There was much coughing and gulping all the way down the line, but not a man could speak. Their very helplessness had made him love them better than ever.

Running swiftly to the end of the line, and seizing the barrel nearest the door, Zingo tipped it over on its side, throwing its occupant into a horizontal position. He then began to roll the barrel, as gently as he could, but speedily, for the mandarin might return at any moment. Outside the door Sari was waiting, and guided the barrel as it rolled downward through the courtyard. In this way one man after another was rolled out of the prison, Zingo never stopping in his work except to whisper a word of hope to each poor wretch, who silently awaited the outcome.

Next to the last came Ben Hydecker. He was not so easily rolled, as Ben Hydecker had been taking on flesh in his late luxurious living. Zingo braced himself, and pushed with all his might, but the barrel would not move. He tried again, and still the barrel resisted. The situation was growing serious.

"Never mind me," said Ben. "Go on with the rest of them, and I'll stay here and grow into a green bay tree."

"Never," answered Zingo, as he once more threw all his weight against the barrel. This time it yielded, and Ben was rolled away as comfortably as though he were in a perambulator. Jacques Fenton was the last to be rescued. He was awake, which was unusual for him, and Zingo complimented him upon it as he rolled him into safety.

Near the great gate, where the guards were enjoying a world far better than the one they had left behind, Sari was now on guard, having guided each barrel to a spot where Zingo could roll them past the guards and into the garden beyond. Her heart beat anxiously as she awaited the approach of Zingo with his last cargo. At a word from Sari that it was perfectly safe